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MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL

E S S A Y S,

ON

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS,

WRITTEN IN RETIREMENT,

ON THE BANKS OF THE BRENTA, IN
THE VENETIAN STATE.

K

BY

J. W. C—T—ss of R—s—G.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. ROBSON,
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M.DCC.LXXXV.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON,
NEW BOND-STREET.

M.DCCCXXXV.

ADVERTISEMENT

OF THE

E D I T O R.

THE female understanding, when it exceeds the ordinary standard, is characterised by delicacy of thought and elegance of expression. From the impassioned verse of the tender Sappho, to the ingenious prose of several women of our own times, we easily discover the sex, and its charms, in their productions. A woman, who in her youth

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has

iv ADVERTISEMENT.

has had the good fortune to unite beauty with a good understanding well cultivated, and with the natural taste that commonly falls to her lot, is capable of communicating to her writings a still superior degree of beauty and interest. This precious distinction will have procured her extensive homage: and that, when paid by men of understanding, will have sufficiently developed the powers of her mind, to give them both brilliancy and precision. She will have been a hundred times in situations to remark the progress of the passions, whilst untouched by them herself; of observing with coolness the attacks of seduction, much less artful than we are apt to believe them; and to analyze the human heart, in that
of

of her lover, ever exposed to female discernment, even when he believes himself most upon his guard. May not a brilliant youth, marked by conquest and triumph, and improved by the continual enjoyment of the most chosen company, be equivalent to an education in the profoundest course of ethics?

The sentimental reflections of such an author, are precisely what this advertisement announces to the public. A Lady retired from the great world, in which she has shone on the score of her understanding, her amiable qualities, and the graces of her person, chuses at present, in a peaceable retreat, the amusement of conversing with

ADVERTISEMENT.

herself by writing, and of imparting these conversations to her most intimate friends: and they have found in these little productions so much taste and originality, such a newness of turn, a modesty so unaffected, and at the same time a frankness so ingenuous, that they have judged them worthy the approbation of the public, and capable of giving real delight to those delicate spirits, of which the fair sex exhibit more frequent instances than our own.

London has been preferred for the place of their publication, and that through a proper deference to the Lady, our authoress, who was born an English woman, although educated and established elsewhere, by a concurrence

rence of those events, to which women of a certain condition are obliged to yield.

Her French style, indeed, is not sufficiently Gallic, to disguise a manner of thinking and expression more properly English. But the French themselves agree, that a little of the exotic, and especially a tincture of Anglicism, gives nerve and point to French diction, which has something in it too modest and timid in the hands of the national writers: they mean this, however, as it is applicable in the present case, when a foreign author is free from all-affectation.

As to the subjects of the work, we cannot give a better idea of them, than

by comparing them to that number and diversity of articles which form a lady's dress. No author is without a certain degree of coquetry: nor ought he to be, as his object is to please: but coquetry has ever been thought less becoming in men than in women. The choice of every thing, that can contribute to ornament, is allowed to the sex without restraint; the arrangement subject to no rules: it is caprice, under the direction of taste, which chuses, and which places its objects always in an agreeable manner, and conformably to the end it happens to have in view. But as the dress of a woman, how great soever the variety of the articles of which it is composed, has always a determined character,
such

such as a national dress, a court dress, a hunting dress; so to this work, considered as a dress of the mind or understanding, we may assign the character of sentiment. When this character, in itself so interesting, animates the whole, and diffuses its warmth throughout, in a manner so spontaneous and natural as we observe it to do in these pieces, it ever furnishes an agreeable kind of reading; although the subjects treated may be old, trivial, or even fantastic. The wild flights of the imagination, the intricacies of metaphysical discussion; even the shafts of satire, of irony, and persiflage, have, under this amiable pen, a tincture of that character. That frank and ingenuous manner, too, so conspicuous in the following pages, adds

new

new value to their ton of sentiment ; inasmuch as we are the more disposed to believe it true, and to delight in it ; just as, in society, we prefer the attachment and conversation of those persons, whose characters announce feeling, frankness, and simplicity.

*The reader will not be displeased with knowing a particular circumstance or two relative to our authoress's family.—Her father was of an ancient Protestant house in Wales ; her mother a Greek lady, a zealous Catholic, and a person of distinguished merit. Her father's long residence at Venice gave rise to her connection in marriage with the late C—— of R——g, some years ambassador from the court of Vienna to
the*

the Venetian republic. Nothing needs to be added concerning the lady's genius, talents, or education: the idea above-sketches—but indisputably the book itself—will give the reader satisfaction on these topics.

There still remains one article, on which a slight intimation may be necessary; namely, the lady's idea of publishing the following work, as an original, in two languages at the same time. The writer's skill in either language; the circumstance of the different parts of the work being sometimes composed first in English, and sometimes in French; the impossibility she herself finds of recollecting, in various cases, which of the two languages first ex-

*pressed her thoughts ; and the fact of the French and English editions differing, in innumerable passages, equally with respect to thought and expression—are, it must be allowed, considerations of sufficient weight to give a high degree of plausibility to this plan of publication. The critical reader, however, who does not find himself disposed to admit this two-fold originality, will have ample field for the exercise of his discernment, in determining why and where to reject it. All the Editor can say, should any one attempt to draw the line of originality between the two editions, is, that he has no authority from the writer to assist the experiment. And if, without assistance, the critic should find insuperable difficulties, he is advised to sit
down*

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down contented before that veil of mystery, which a lady sometimes delights to throw over her conduct, in order to prevent too close an examination.

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MORAL

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MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL

E S S A Y S.

THE FIRST STEP.

“**Y**OU are writing, aunt?”
—I am, my dear girl.—

“May I ask what subject employs your thoughts?”—I am preluding a preface.—“A preface! you have written a book then?”—No: but don’t let that surprize you.—“You have at least the subject of one ready.”—The subject? That is coming too close to a point, my dear, which

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is

is useless enough. What author now adheres to his subject, even if he proposes one? However I have none at all, and that pleases me best. Liberty of ideas is a gift of nature, in which all men partake, though but few know how to make a good use of it: our sex may act more freely in this matter than the men. There is a libertinism of the understanding, as well as of the heart; and it is allowable to a woman to give herself up to the former, as in thus doing she excites no jealousy, nor produces any disorder in society. A woman of wit is look'd upon in the world as an ignis fatuus, which shines without burning, and

may fall upon any object without hurting it. Concurrence of pretensions causes rivalry : but there never will be women enough to alarm the other sex as competitors for fame. If a woman sits down to write, every prepossession is in her favour : a bad production is tolerable ; a good one charming. I am astonished that women should have so much neglected this happy kind of renown, so well calculated to nourish their vanity. If monkies, says an illustrious author, were to live longer than they do, they would learn to deduce one idea from another. In process of time they might extend their knowledge to surprizing

4 THE FIRST STEP.

combinations, and we should see them, perhaps, before the age of decrepitude, in manufactories and shops, practising the arts, and even teaching them. The social life of a woman is very short: placing her in the world at fifteen, I should take her from it at forty; and even this calculation must not be too generally applied. After deducting sickness and pregnancies, it will appear, that the time a woman has left for society is reduced to a trifle. Our social consequence seems to have no other spring than that of our persons. The apprenticeship to the toilet is our course of philosophy; the occupation of dress, that of the belles lettres.

lettres. Some women have dared to assume the characters of men; but they have seldom been handsome ones, when they have endeavoured to shake off the yoke of those prejudices which handsome women so easily bear. The men may sometimes have received them generously into their class; whilst their own sex have always cruelly railed against their desertion. But if a woman, indulging a dangerous libertinism of heart, sets up the standard of revolt, and introduces into her conversation and manner of living certain masculine facilities, she is absolutely banished the society of her own sex: and if she be not of the

most elevated rank, she falls under persecution, or at least becomes ridiculous.

With some pretensions to beauty, and far from being insensible to its importance, I felt betimes, that there remained a considerable space of existence after the brilliant life of youth ; and this void appeared to me much more frightful than eternity itself, which no terms of comparison have ever rendered perfectly intelligible to me. Among the men who visited me, I preferred the friendship of those who had the reputation of the most wit, or of the best education, and I contracted an early taste for reading ; though more, I confess,
to

to amuse myself, than to gain instruction. It was difficult, however, to confine this taste to any rule: I was yet too unfixed, too dissipated: I read a good deal, it is true; but I only employed that time in reading, which other women give to their dogs, or their monkies. Luckily I had no fondness for beasts: but I like them now, and I give to my lap-dog that time which in my youth I gave to my mob of admirers. Books, however, were always at hand, as well as some chosen friends, who helped me to support what is commonly called the age of repentance: happily I had

nothing of this sort to incommode me, having never supposed it a duty to force our inclinations, when they neither injure ourselves, nor disturb the order of society. I always held it a maxim, that the world might in some measure be formed to our wishes: adopt a character early in life, maintain it with perseverance, and you will see that the world will come to adopt and respect it also. I have myself proved this truth in a remarkable manner: my liberty of thinking, of speaking, of acting, has procured me the reputation of originality; under the shelter of which I have passed
all

all my life in singular independence: I made my very caprices respected in my youth; in my mature years, I have insisted upon a kind of esteem; and I do not despair of procuring, for the sayings of my old age, the honorable distinction of maxims and prophecies.—“This is living, my dear aunt.”—You are a charming girl for having interrupted me; for I know no longer where I am, nor how I began this rhapsody.—“Why, it seems you was writing a preface.”—A preface! let it be so; all this may make one, if people like it. An authorefs must absolutely have a preface to her
pub-

publication. It is her literary *chaussure* *. But as I am writing it before the completion of half my work, the materials of which are already very multifarious, and the rest not likely to be less so, it is necessary, above all things, that my *chaussure* be perfectly easy, and fit to draw upon any sort of work whatever. The danger of an unaccommodating *chaussure* brings to my mind a cruel adventure of a pretty woman of my acquaintance, who danced like an angel. On

* Various periphrases were tried to supply the place of this French word ; but it was found impossible to express the idea without it.

the day of a grand ball, she was honored with the hand of a prince quite *à la mode*, who paid his court to her. She put on, as her evil genius would have it, a pair of such small shoes as pinched her horribly: the floor was slippery, and her step uncertain. In a *pas de chassé* she lost her balance, and fell flat upon her face. The prince ran to take her up, and at the same time, a lady in the second couple stooped to render her the like service. This lady had the finest teeth in the world, and smiled with a grace, which gave wonderful effect to her countenance. The prince helping up his partner, met the eyes
of

of the little figure who assisted him. Whether it was, that the smile had preceded her look, or whether it sprung from the prince's glance (for the transition from perception to expression is in women extremely rapid) I know not; the prince, however, fell into a state of absence and distraction for the rest of the evening. The smile of the little brunette had absolutely emancipated him from the conquest of her rival. Ever since this unlucky accident, I have always made a point of bearing an easy *chaussure*: and in my province of authorefs, you see, dear niece, that to prevent, as far as possible, all risk of disjointing my
nose

nose by a fall, my preface wears the character of my *chaussure*; and I defy the severest critic to prove, that it will not fit any book whatsoever, and keep it upright on its legs too, as far as that position can depend on a preface.

THE VESTIBLE.

WHICH should we prefer of two objects, one of which carries an appearance much inferior to its real merit, and the other announces much more than we really find in it?—The question appeared to me at first, what it is not ; that is to say, very easy to be resolved : but if we examine it well, we shall find it to furnish an inexhaustible subject for subtle discussion : and that it will admit, perhaps, of as many answers as it can have applications.

We

We enjoy the pleasure of an agreeable surprize, when we meet with a Good which we did not expect: on the other side, we must place to the account of pleasure the expectation of any Good: our satisfaction has existed, although some unforeseen change may destroy our hopes. So much was clear gain. A succession of innocent errors, of amusing illusions, and deceitful appearances, may give more interest to life, perhaps, than that sort of philosophy whose dim light allows us only to perceive a few truths scattered here and there.

I had, when I was very young, a box so artfully contrived, that
when

when I applied to one of its corners a square piece of wood, bearing the name of a particular flower, immediately that flower would appear in the inside of the box, and rest beneath a small window fixed on the top of it. I had only to call for what flower I wanted, and it would instantly appear in its greatest splendor. A person instructed me in the mechanism of it : a magnet successively applied to various little squares of wood, brought the flowers I wished for into view. Disgust succeeded the information, and I took little pleasure in my box afterwards.

To entertain a good opinion
of

2 vol

of a thing, to enjoy a promising appearance, to seize a probability in preference to the contrary, were a man at liberty to encourage this turn of mind, would be, I believe, a wonderful means of multiplying his little satisfactions: and it is the sum of these which forms the portion of every one's happiness.—But I have to obviate an objection, which, I doubt not, my reader has already made, more than once, to my position; namely, that such a turn of mind renders us liable to continual deception. The misanthrope, the atrabilious, and particularly the bad man, pretend, that we must always suppose the

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worst,

worst, in order not to be deceived. I am going, in answer, to present to this same reader, or perhaps to another somewhat more inclined to my own way of thinking, some reflections which appear to me just. Do we not always fear more evil, than happens to us? Carry this remark with you into every company you frequent, from that of the first minister of state down to the common labourer; as well as in reading all sorts of books, from Livy down to the Gazette. Of all those who are grievously sick, you will find the smaller number die, except in the case of epidemics: of all those things that are lost, more

more are mislaid than stolen :
 of all the absences and separa-
 tions of persons dear to one an-
 other, much greater is the num-
 ber of those which are happy,
 than of those which extraordi-
 nary accidents render calamitous
 or unfortunate. After these ob-
 servations, it should follow, that
 of all unfavourable opinions, with
 respect either to events, or to
 men, the greatest part ought to
 be rejected. The justice of this
 decision would be more clearly
 evinced, if every one had since-
 rity enough to confess his error,
 as soon as the event had proved
 it. When a person, of whom we
 have judged wrong, acts well, or

when an accident that we had considered under a gloomy aspect developes itself happily, or at least without harm, we forget to revoke the false judgment which we had passed upon it. Whereas, when it happens that the ill we had predicted is verified in the event, our sagacity makes a great noise in the world, and every sentence we pronounce afterwards, passes into a general maxim, or infallible rule.

This theory of indulgence, which may be honored with the title of the *philanthropic philosophy*, is not ill placed at the beginning of a book like this. Try, my dear reader, to encourage the best
opinion

opinion of it. I allow it may owe half its merit to your indulgence, whilst you yourself will lose none by a generous prepossession. Opinion resembles light : the one colours all objects ; as the other enhances every sort of merit, and doubles all our satisfactions.

REPUTATIONS.

IT is long since I have ceased to be the dupe of reputations. My own, that of an amiable woman, has procured me the easiest opportunities of examining closely the characters of those imposing men, whose great names influence the most intricate affairs of politics, and are always mentioned with respect in the mouths of the million. There are reputation-places, if I may be allowed the expression, which make those persons illustrious who occupy them.

Formerly, a minister of state was obliged to be serious, impenetrable, supercilious, hard; he could never communicate himself, but with a thousand difficulties: the importance of his situation owed more to the terror which it inspired, than to the real qualities which characterized himself. In this age, the age of facilities, a minister carries the mask of affability: he is mild, genteel, easy of access, repulses nobody, refuses with grace, even allows himself *bon mots*, pleasures, philosophy, and above all, shews a taste for the arts; a taste which he is obliged to assume, whether he has an inclination to them or not.

With this system, perhaps, we are less imposed upon ; but it is much more seducing, and the opinions which we form of such persons become much less problematic. I myself have been often dazzled by these appearances, and have approached, with all the enthusiasm of respect, some of these idols of public convention, and it was not without pain, that I could take upon myself to be an observer, whilst so much better disposed to admire. I have been able, however, sometimes to draw aside the curtain, unobserved by the actor, and to peep behind the scenes. It is hard, if two fine eyes cannot pierce through

through the best-applied mask, whilst he, who wears it, neglects, in some seducing *tête-à-tête*, to draw it very tight. Your gigantic masks were only taken in the more important dramas, and the buskin worn but upon great theatres. Elsewhere, Thespis was contented to stain his visage, because he only played farces. Farces which men act with women are dangerous, because the actor is less upon his guard, and neglects to keep his mask close : features the least predominant may be remarked, if a woman knows any thing of the play of the passions upon the countenance ; the smaller movements of the muscles

muscles discover not less to her eye than the most striking attributes of character. Among men, a man is more occupied with himself than with his company. Among women, he forgets himself, and is wholly taken up with them; who, in return, are apt to think of nothing but themselves.

With attentive observation, what frivolities, what inconsistencies, have I not sketched out from some of these objects of public idolatry! I really felt my indignation rise, one day, to see the fate of a great monarchy in the hands of a certain man *, the most ignorant for his station, the

* Squ-ll-ci.

most

most confined in his ideas, and the most obstinate that I ever knew. I said to my neighbour, who had served under him in the same department, "Is it possible that this man can have possessed so long the confidence of his master? without doubt, he must at least have a clear knowledge of some part of the administration?" —None at all, Madam.—"How then was it possible for him to advance so near the throne, and to support himself on one of its most elevated steps?"—This man was clerk to a secretary of state: he followed his principal into the antichamber of the king's cabinet, and sometimes went in to deposit

deposit the *portfolio*. He had quite an office-face, which would sometimes cause a laugh, but never forget itself. The king would sometimes be diverted with it, though but rarely. The secretary died: many persons solicited the post of the late minister: the king found himself embarrassed: happily for our hero, his majesty was a man of habit, who had the greatest dislike to new faces: that of our portfolio-man came into his mind, at the same time that his grotesque figure produced some agreeable ideas; and he thought, without doubt, that the affairs of the state were as easy to carry as the portfolio which contained them;

them; and our man was appointed, to the great astonishment of all his competitors: and, for reasons about as good, it has happened, that he has been always able to retain the good graces of his master, although by his incapacity he was near bringing the state into a violent crisis; yet, keeping ever since at a distance, he has enjoyed a share of the king's good-will. This elevation, its continuance, and its consequences, gained him, however, a reputation, perhaps the more firm as it was gratuitous, and not founded on any one brilliant, or solid quality. All this leads to that admiration which mysteries alone

alone produce.—“ I could as easily make war or peace,” said another minister *, to a person in his confidence, soliciting a small favour, “ as grant your request.” —And this is the only one, within my knowledge, who by his eminent qualities has surpassed his reputation. This extraordinary man possesses, in an astonishing degree, the greatest endowments that nature could bestow, perfected by application. He will always be the first, in whatever class of men chance may place him. He cultivates the arts and sciences with an ease that appears incompatible with the immense

* The Prince Kaunitz.

charge

charge of public affairs. The order which he adopts in the distribution of his time, fills up every moment in a manner equally admirable and advantageous. Order, without genius, renders a man little, minutious, and of no great use to himself, or to others: order, united with genius, enables him to be master of his own actions, and of those of others. The noble minister who possesses all my esteem, may recognize himself in this portrait, and enjoy the satisfaction of listening to that internal voice, which will whisper to him, " 'Tis yourself." He will not be able to disown it: superior merit would cease to be such, if
it

it knew not itself. This internal sense of evidence is a stranger to the embarrassed language of modesty, ever false when it is unjust. But this infallible feeling of one's own merit is far from being common; a circumstance which exempts it from the hazard of being mistaken for presumption. I will allow Metastasio to cry out, when he reads some of his own dramatic pieces, " Confess that it is impossible to write any thing finer!"

Let us; my dear reader, continue to turn our attention to other reputations, till you settle my own, which will be best done by your approbation of my Work. Should you only be disposed

posed to condemn it, I shall still obtain one; and many an illustrious reputation has been gained with posterity in a much more extraordinary manner.—I have, for example, often diverted myself in the gallery of a nobleman in Italy, who is a very silly and ignorant man. He has caused to be elegantly framed the diplomas which exhibit his titles and marks of his consequence, together with several letters from an elector, who had seen him often at his court. I am in possession of an authentic anecdote, from which may be dated his illustration. This man had an extraordinary talent at slicing a Bologna sau-

alas! this hero had no knowledge of any thing but sausages, and the great art of slicing them. How many great families are there, whose reputations, vaguely supported by history, perhaps owe their origin to the like talents!

Reputation in the sciences sometimes furnishes as much matter for caution as the preceding instances. I have not the imprudence to erect myself into a judge of certain characters celebrated for their learning, whose acquaintance I have sought in my travels. What sometimes appears to me of prejudice to their reputations, on observing them nearly, is a ton of pedantry, which we

find in some of them. There seems to be some mistake on their side : they think themselves obliged, especially before strangers, to support their fame, and upon all occasions to make a parade of their knowledge, and of the rights which so conspicuous a situation inspires. This, however, produces quite a different effect ; either because a pompous stile of behaviour, especially when ill placed, always revolts us, or because we despair of gaining the esteem of persons who think so highly of themselves. Men of letters are generally taxed with this fault, and people take advantage of it to lower them in the opinion of individuals : however,

ever, if there be a fault on one side, there is as much injustice on the other ; for we are naturally led to make ourselves of some consequence, and in talking of what we understand we expect best to succeed. It is true, that reserve and modesty heighten merit, as a veil does, to our imagination, the beauty of a face, especially if we are prepossessed to its advantage. How comes it, that sometimes we meet with this imperfection even in individuals of the most agreeable and volatile of nations ? Is it that men of letters imagine by this means they must gain the advantage of the men of wit ; a numerous class in this country ? The

former are perhaps afraid, that the latter should usurp that reputation, to which they themselves pretend an exclusive right. It is, however, not uncommon, that their rivals establish a stronger interest in society. What amuses, ordinarily interests us more than what astonishes. We see sometimes with satisfaction the rhinoceros, or the elephant : they are monsters of their day ; but we are better entertained with the pleasant tricks of more common animals.—A woman cannot frequent learned society without incurring ridicule, at least without exposing her character to some pleasantry, unless she be a Chatelet, or Agnès. For my own

part, I am more fond of persons of talents; for though their merit may be exaggerated, they either amuse my particular taste, or console my necessities with pleasing refinements, and there is always something to be gained by an intercourse with them. Let me be allowed to hazard a reflection: Nature neither knows, nor gives any call to the sciences: I doubt even whether there be such a thing as a decided aptitude for one speculative study more than another. Now, it is granted on all hands, that talents for the fine and for the mechanic arts are clearly conferred by nature: it is to her we owe, in the first instance, poets, painters,

and musicians. Among them then we may expect to find a species of originality springing from that marked predilection for one above the rest of these characters. To discover and to examine it, is not less worthy the study of a philosopher, than it is of the attention of a citizen, or of a Mécenas to second it. Nature has her favorite children, whom she destines to reputation. Every quality and every circumstance the most partially unite to prepare one for the young——. His understanding, his imagination, and acquisitions of knowledge, far exceed the measure given to individuals the most richly endowed : but what constitutes a part of his reputation,

reputation, more within the reach of the world in general, is his talent of performing on the harpsichord, without premeditation, the most charming airs, with a rapidity and grace perfectly incredible, and that without ever having allowed himself time to consult the precepts of art. He has happily divined many of the rules of harmony by the fineness and sensibility of his ear; and has learned execution by a prompt imitation of every thing he has heard. We discover in his play the true spontaneity of the productions of nature, which nothing controuls, and in which the creative fire compensates with usury the

the want of regularity and order. It is never but at some little expence to each other that art and nature unite; but their union becomes the more valuable for the sacrifice.

In the mechanic arts we sometimes meet with phenomena of this kind. In the Venetian state, Ferracina, who from a simple lock-smith, without being able to write or read, became one of the most able mechanics in Italy; and, without any injury to the memory of the celebrated Marquis Poleni, be it known, that he was employed with the greatest success upon works, for the execution of which the former thought he had demon-

demonstrated the necessity of much time and enormous expence — Ferracina invented machines, and formed plans of such easy execution, as saved half the time, and as much expence. Who knows, whether a curious traveller, in quest of men of fame, would not allow more to the reputation of Ferracina than to that of Descartes or Mallebranche? How interesting are all sorts of talents, from those of ———, and of the inventor of the automaton that plays at chess, down to the lowest *improvisatore*, or even juggler! It is to the display of talents we owe all our amusements; an object of no small importance to our happiness. By
them

them a thousand of our wants, real or imaginary, are provided for in the most agreeable manner. It is by them we taste the sublime pleasure of being moved even to tears, when the divine Pacchierotti, in his language of music, expresses passion with as much energy as the orator or tragic poet; and that our soul seems to float betwixt hope and fear, whilst it admires the unfortunate family of Darius at the feet of Alexander, painted, with all the grandeur and interest the subject inspires, by the seducing pencil of Paul Veronese.

Women, when excepted from the preceding classes, in which a
very

very small number hazard any pretensions, find less difficulty in acquiring reputation than men do. Docile in the character of daughters, submissive in that of wives, and tender as mothers, it is in fulfilling these relations that we become respectable. But it is not our destination to make any other noise in the world, than that of passing condemnation in cases that essentially concern the honor of the sex. There is another sort of reputation, which gives us more consequence in society, and to which we all aspire; that of amiable women. The corruption of manners has given rise to an opinion, that it is impossible to
be

be amiable and estimable at the same time. Many women have neglected the most eminent qualities, to run after those which are best received, without having however been able to attain them : but I have seen women who have possessed both one and the other at the same time, let our libertines say what they will. The most beautiful varnish never shines so bright as when it covers the best designs : amiableness never charms so effectually as when it accompanies the most solid qualities. Women ! do you desire to merit, and infallibly to attain the most satisfactory of all reputations, that of amiableness ? It is by soft-
ness

ness of manners, by good-humour, by gaiety, we give that best polish to our wit, which renders it at once conspicuous and agreeable in conversation. Volatility and grace are characteristic of our sex: if we are ever so little guided by judgment, the desire of pleasing renders us amiable, without any sacrifice to the delicacy of our situations. Cultivate persons of merit: it is theirs to dispense reputation: and in the choice of her first friends it is that a woman announces her own character to the world. What difficulty to retrieve a false step made by a bad choice in our youth! On the other hand, how many false steps
have

have been pardoned, when respectable and substantial friends have been ready to defend or palliate them, in a woman whom they have thought worthy of their esteem? In Italy especially, the vine has need of the elm to serve it for support, to lift it above the reach of rash hands, and enable it to display the richness of its foliage, and the beauty of its fruit: without which it would often creep on the ground, and be trodden under foot by every passenger, who would scarcely deign to pluck its despised grapes.

MY FIRST TRAVELS.

A Female friend of mine, rich and independent, said to me one day, “ I feel an unconquerable desire of travelling ; but I dare not indulge it, because I am growing old.” Travel then as an old woman, answered I. When we have health, and a superfluity, we may travel in all conditions of life, and at any age. Let us never set ourselves up for what we are not, and we may pass where we please without impediment. The affectation of youth is the most ridiculous of all affectations.

VOL. I.

E

Let

Let an old coquette journey to Paris to buy fashionable dresses, and hunt for compliments, and she will certainly be laughed at. But let a reasonable woman, of a mature age, travel to observe and to acquire information, without either affecting, or neglecting a taste for the arts; let her keep company with people of her own sphere, without assuming the importance of criticising, or, on the other hand, without admiring every thing; and I will insure her an agreeable and useful journey.

I travelled when I was very young, being only fourteen when my father's death obliged my mother to carry to England a family
of

of five children, of which I was the eldest. We took the route of Germany. This journey, slow and tiresome, made me sensible of no other difference in my manner of existing, than that of being ill fed, and badly lodged. I had no object of curiosity to occupy my mind, a great number of churches overloaded with ornaments, being almost the only places, that the piety of my good mother allowed us to visit on our route. For want, however, of Catholic churches in Holland, I visited gardens; my mother thinking it a crime to enter into a church of any other communion than our own. We staid a year in Eng-

land; but I saw very few of my countrymen, and still less of the country itself, which I ought to have considered as my own.—The parks, the bustle of the immense city of London, the tea-tables, the pretty hats of the women, the opulent air of the inhabitants, made all together an impression on my young brain. My mother seemed alarmed at the attention I paid to the objects around me. I ventured, however, sometimes (though in vain) to oppose the opinion of her Irish confessor, who endeavoured to confirm her in the ardent desire, which had seized her, of returning to Italy, that she might prevent her family from

from receiving an heretical education. She obtained permission of our guardians to repass the sea, under pretence that her children's weak state of health could not bear the climate of England. Scarcely had I gained a competent knowledge of the English language, and the adroit management of the fork with my left hand, when I was obliged to suffer the chagrin of leaving so fine a country. We returned to Italy by way of France : Paris dazzled me. The beauty of the equipages, the elegant adjustment of the men's dress, the gay attire and rouge of the women, the Thuilleries, and above all a tragedy, the

heroine of which was represented by the famous Clairon, made each such an agreeable impresson upon me, that I soon forgot England. I had soon, however, to experience new regrets, being obliged, after a very short stay, to quit France also. This new mortification yielded to time, as is usual at every age, and was at length entirely forgotten on seeing Italy again.

My journey had given me a great deal of importance in my own eyes : I thought myself above every body, who had not been at Paris, or London, and heartily pitied them. A young English woman, whom my mother had brought

brought over to exercise us in that language, and a French maid, who dressed hair in a superior manner, appeared to me delightful acquisitions. I had bought some romances, and theatrical pieces; which latter I endeavoured to declaim like the excellent actresses, who had so sensibly affected me at Paris. I talked of London and Paris all day long: every idea that had occurred, or judgment I had passed in my tour, came now into my memory: but our society was confined to a very small circle, my mother seeing very little company. Mr. S——, an old friend of my father, whose visits were frequent, renewed all

my partialities for England: he had pictures, antiques, and a fine library: he furnished me with such books and curiosities as tended to augment my passion for foreign nations, and especially for England, our common country.—We had permission given us to stay only two years in Italy: but it was afterwards prolonged to five.—In this interval, a passion that I was inspired with by a young gentleman, presented to our family by Mr. S——, swallowed up all the others. I loved him to distraction. The contradiction and opposition which I experienced on the part of my mother, as well as on that of the young

young gentleman's family, had no other effect, during four years, than that of piquing me to an obstinate indulgence of it. Indeed I neglected many offers, and among the rest that of this very S——, who, at the age of seventy, took it into his head to fall in love with me. I was on his account exposed to persecutions without number. My passion had no other nourishment than variety of reading, and no other relief than writing without end, I being able to see my lover but very rarely, and then à l'Espagnole. Our house was forbidden him; I lived very much sequestered in the midst of five hundred volumes, with

with which my father had formerly filled a neglected cabinet. My reading was analogous to the state of my mind, and I recognized myself in all the love-sick and unfortunate heroines who occurred in my books.

But as every passion has an end, the vivacity of mine began to abate just as the obstacles appeared to yield to my firmness. I had the resolution to confess it to my lover, and to refuse him my hand, which could no longer be accompanied with my heart. About this time our family was recalled to England, and this recall fixed my determination. My mind was now sufficiently formed: my figure

gure had acquired all its brilliancy: I was romantic, the common case of young women who instruct themselves: I gave willingly into all adventures, and never perhaps was any body more coquettish with so much sensibility and frankness. To see France and England again! the thought was enough to turn my head. Our young English woman assured me I had great things to expect at London: the French one promised me the homage of her whole nation.—My adieus to Mr. M——, who from my lover was become my friend, were tinged a little with harshness, inspired by my rising vanity.—I jumped
into

into the coach with so much joy, that I had great difficulty to prevent its being perceived by my relations, and especially by this tender friend, who nevertheless was gallant enough to follow his flying mistress as far as Milan, without the knowledge of my mother.

Our family at that time exhibited a brilliant group. I was the eldest, and perhaps the least handsome of the three sisters, although, strictly speaking, the prettiest: my brothers were two charming children. My mother, who had been a superb beauty, still preserved sufficient remains for a coquette to have made herself of
confe-

consequence, even at her age, which did not exceed thirty-eight. Sensible and devout, she gave up all the energy of her soul to the love of God and of her children. Simple, with great vivacity of affection, she idolized us all. As she entertained no mistrust of the progress of our hearts and understandings, it was easy to deceive her.—Milan, Turin, Lyons, detained us but a few days: a few dinners, some spectacles, as many assemblies, and parties in abundance politely proposed, at length brought us to Paris, the object of all my wishes.—The war, which then raged between England and France, made my mother imagine,

gine, that the difficulty, real or pretended, of procuring passports, might prolong our stay in France. She judged right, and we were detained a good six months at Paris.—Notwithstanding the reserve which my good mother meant to impose on our conduct, seduction glided by little and little into my heart. With a little rouge I affected all the ton of coquetry which it inspired: an excellent dancing-master developed my figure to advantage: although large, the just proportion of the parts which composed it invited the graces: they came, and I learnt to retain them. A soft and graceful motion contributed

to

to give me that easy elegance of behaviour, which however we cannot successfully learn without the talent of divining it ourselves. The graces are modest, and are only painted naked, because they sometimes appear in that state to a few of their favorites, never exposing themselves to the sight of the profane, who do not understand them. I was really charming: I may be permitted to say so now, because I have survived my beauty; and why should it be more ridiculous to praise one's former self, than to compose one's own epitaph?

My sisters and I never appeared in the public walks, or at the theatres,

theatres, without attracting general notice. We were followed and admired; an agreeable murmur of exaggerated encomiums resounded in our ears. My mother, insensibly seduced by hearing our praises, allowed little liberties, of which she was incapable of foreseeing the danger. I had neither time, nor inclination, for much improvement: the objects of curiosity glided through my mind, leaving but a very faint impression. My milliner and hair-dresser were the only artists that I admired: at the most, my taste aimed at nothing beyond a critique on the painter, who had made an awkward miniature portrait

portrait of me. Ambitious, however, of shewing my understanding upon every occasion, I displayed a considerable share of levity in my conversation, pronouncing my opinion, without reserve, on all the new plays and romances. I succeeded in writing familiar notes with wonderful ease. Nothing is often more fatal to young women than affecting a parade of this talent. To how many imprudences does it not expose us? I have, in my time, seen such frequent instances of the danger of giving way to this ridiculous sort of vanity, that I would almost as soon pardon a woman any indiscretion as a letter.

66 MY FIRST TRAVELS.

In the midst of Paris, I had not the least idea of the manners and characters of its inhabitants: I saw them at my feet, and my researches went no farther. I inspired passions; but was too dissipated to know the value of them. I suffered a most advantageous establishment to escape me: and my mother, who idolized me, saw nothing in my caprices, but the repugnance of a young person, whose inclinations would brook no constraint: her indulgence pardoned every thing.—We were now obliged to quit Paris, to repair to England. The idea of the theatre of great fortunes, upon which I was going to appear, prevented

prevented my feeling the smallest regret on my departure from France. The love of conquest is as insatiable in women as in men. Alexander wept, that he had no other worlds to conquer: a coquette does the same, if she believes that a single man escapes her. I appeared quite radiant in London; and, although I was not magnificently dressed, I studied a neat and elegant appearance. My Lord H——, our guardian, came to see us, and was struck with the diversified beauty of the three sisters. He said, that we should be produced to the world immediately on Lady H——'s return from the country: and he was

sure, if our conduct answered the idea which he had formed of us, that, before the expiration of a twelvemonth, we should all be established in a brilliant manner. He advised us to live retired till her ladyship came to town, saying, he would surprize the town all at once by the appearance of his three beautiful wards. All this went on wonderfully well: we remained in solitude, and I had even regained a little taste for reading; but the old Irish confessor was still alive, and unfortunately had lost nothing of his credit with my mother. Having a great deal of leisure, and being contradicted in the free exercise of

her devotion, she resumed all her holy practices with the united fervency of zeal and imagination.— My lord proposed putting my brothers, who were still children, to school, and giving them an English education. The confessor alarmed the conscience of his penitent upon the spiritual danger of her whole family: she committed a thousand pious extravagances, and at last quarrelled with our guardian; who determined to resign his charge. Next, to crown our misfortunes, she took it into her head to pretend, that the climate did not agree with our health, and thus obtained permission to leave England. I

shewed the utmost repugnance, and protested in vain against concurring with this pious fraud. I was threatened and tormented, without intermission, till I submitted, with the rest of the young family, to have my face stained with saffron-water, made by the confessor. I was for some time obliged to keep my room, and even my bed, and permitted to see nobody but doctors and apothecaries. At last, after a twelvemonth's contradictions and sufferings, I was forced to leave England, without knowing it, even in the frivolous manner I had made acquaintance with France. I trembled with vexation at the thoughts of departing.

The

The little that I had seen myself, or heard from those who were allowed to visit us, compared with all I had imagined, gave me, on reflection, the deepest chagrin. At length the unwelcome moment came: bitter tears flowed from my eyes, on quitting my beloved country, from which I was unmercifully banished, at a time when every thing pressed my stay; relations, friends, my age, the charms of my person, and, more than all, the eager desire that I had to remain an English woman; a desire which I have ever warmly felt in my heart, and which fortune has in vain endeavoured to extirpate, in

forcing me to live under other climates. — After my return, I continued to cultivate the little English I had learnt, by reading the best authors : and I made a parade of it with my countrywomen, as an old soldier shews with vanity the least remnant of the colours of his first regiment. This was my sole acquisition during my stay in England, from which I was once more separated by a number of unfortunate circumstances, just at the moment of enjoying this promised land ; the object of all my wishes.

Those accidents excepted, which I experienced on this journey, some of which were extraordinary
 enough

enough to suggest useful reflections, it may easily be conjectured, that a young woman, circumstanced as I had been, could draw but little advantage from her travels. Besides, the sex are so occupied with themselves, that nothing can divert, or interest their curiosity. Indeed they have not, at that time of life, and perhaps at no other, any idea of the real advantages of seeing foreign nations, and are equally contented, at home and abroad, to be seen and admired themselves. I confess, however, that besides the prejudices I may have contracted against travelling, from its miscarriage in my own case, I cannot

not help thinking these foreign excursions are in general much better calculated to answer the views of the merchant and geographer, than the ordinary purposes of education.

OF MUSIC.

I Like the first representations of dramatic pieces, and I rarely fail to attend them : I then pronounce my own judgment, and not that of others. It is rare, in assisting at an opera already acted, not to be insensibly biassed by the opinion of those who have seen it before you. Thus the composer loses, or gains, according to the credit of those who have first spoken of the piece. I carry my independence of opinion to a scrupulous degree ; and there are so few

few opinions we can strictly call our own, that we cannot be too careful to throw aside all little prepossessions, if we wish to enjoy this independence.

Our first object being amusement and diversion, we begin to find and follow the intention of the composer, and to observe next the manner in which he sees those passions, which it is his business to bring into play upon the stage. It is in musical pieces especially, that I am delighted with reflecting upon the progress of the sensations expressed by an able artist. The union of instruments throws additional light on a subject, much in the same manner as gestures help

help the expression of the countenance. Afterwards, the agreement of gestures with the dialogue of the piece, augments the force of the words, and inspires the auditor with confidence in the composer's behalf. The more any speaker feels what he is saying, the more impression he will make upon others; and I would venture any wager, that the man who gesticulates a good deal, feels more than he who is composed. Those nations, who have little imagination, are not rich in variety of gestures: those who have moderated it, have laid down rules, and established a school of attitudes for conversation, by which
you

you are instructed from head to foot. Set an open frank Italian a talking, and you will see his body, and every limb in concert with the measure of his discourse. He appears to be animated by several souls at once; the soul of his hands in action is in harmony with that of his sparkling eyes, or agitated legs; whilst that of his mouth occupies you by the rapidity and flow of words, which explain, at full length, the idea already announced by the subaltern souls. This harmony is generally composed of consonances alone: if we perceive any dissonances, it is for want of address, or precision in the orator. His

fingers, his forehead, the wrinkles of his cheeks, sometimes discover to me defects in his discourse; as an unskilful stroke of the bow has power to unharmonize and spoil the whole of a well-concerted melody.

Few composers of music know the merit, or the effect of unity in the musical expression of a thought: there are still fewer, who know how to find those thoughts, whose beauty is absolute, natural, and, if I may so express it, elementary; such as strikes the ear, and supports itself by the simple character of truth, which disdains forced helps and ill-applied strains. Examine one of
our

our most admired airs: the *motivo*, or thought is scarcely announced, before we already perceive our attention laboriously diverted from it by brilliant digressions, to the prejudice of the principal object: and when we are brought back to it, it is never but for the sake of making the finger admired; who also seeks to return from as great a distance as he can, by all those digressive flourishes, so well known to art, but little acknowledged 'by nature, and not at all by the heart.—The orchestra begins, quits, and renews again, a medley of ideas impertinent in themselves: I feel as if a whirlwind of harmonious
founds

sounds drew me along with it, and hurried me round a centre, from which I seemed almost always at the same distance, notwithstanding my desire to arrive at it, and to stop there. The prancing violin, the soft violette, the plaintive hautboy, all appear to go on, it is true, an equal pace, but in different directions, till the last measures of a cadence, ever too strongly marked, unite them all, and announce the end of the air. All this is very far from helping the energetic expression of a thought, which, in opening and re-producing itself, ought never to lose its unity. Tender Piccini! ingenious Sarti!

proud Gluck ! soft Sacchini ! voluptuous Bertoni ! ye, who pay your court to nature, know that her expression is but one : her step is as simple as herself ; fly ornament ; it disgraces her : you pretend to support, whilst in fact you enfeeble her. Her language being found, her phrase divined, follow her constantly ; she will not mislead you.—I cannot give that full credit, which some people seem to require, to the surprising effects recorded of the music of the Greeks. If they have not been exaggerated, like the armies of Xerxes, I think that they must have been owing to the concurrence of many causes with

music : for instance, to the national, and religious influence, which the subjects of the pieces excited, in conjunction with that imitative declamation, in which the Greeks excelled, like every other nation capable of strong feeling. Leaving apart the thorny discussions of learned men, upon the state and extent of antient music, I think one general remark may be made, that may supply the place of a dissertation.

The arts of luxury may perish for ever ; because luxury itself, a mere accidental circumstance of convention, changes in all countries, following the progress and

the different crises of the state itself: many such arts have had their day, and have appeared no more.

But those arts, which derive their origin from nature, can never fall into total ruin: they may have their epochs of decline, may be corrupted, obscured, and even eclipsed; but the clouds, which intercept their soft light, and agreeable heat, must by degrees yield to the constant laws of nature; that is to say, disappear, perhaps periodically, and allow the renewal of those emanations, which shall animate future genii. The master-pieces of Raphael, of the Caracci, of Corregio, are superior to the remains of antiquity,
and

and have nothing to envy in the works of Apelles, or Parrhasius, whom we can only estimate by fame.—I shall venture to hazard some conjectures upon the difference of music in antient and modern times; a difference which has less marked a superiority in the art itself, at different periods, than in the style of extolling it. According to my creed, the golden age of the arts of Greece was very short; I doubt whether, relative to the fine arts, one can carry it beyond one century. This same Greece was of very small extent, where consequently objects appeared greater, and fame might be said to make a louder

report. Under the favour of these circumstances, they had only time enough to discover, develope, and perfect the beauties of elementary and primitive music ; beauties which are far from numerous : for music appears to me at once the most energetic and poorest language of the passions : for this reason the melodic phrases of love, veneration, gaiety, melancholy, or fury, have produced surprising effects, being moreover aided by the concomitance of fine poetry and perfect declamation. Now, soon after the revival of music in the sunshine of Italy, it is said, that at the flourishing courts of the Medicis,

dicis, of the Estes, and of the Gonzaguas, there were musical compositions of a species the most deliciously tender. If the national religion had furnished subjects, if a fine dramatic disposition and declamation had supported them, can it be doubted, but that the musicians of that time would have renewed the wonderful enthusiasm of the Athenian spectators? But music, since its revival, has only been employed to embellish agreeable fictions; and, to enforce the expression of the passions, has been badly introduced, and still worse executed. What is still more remarkable, and, in my opinion, renders the modern

music much superior to that of the antients, is, that it is more than two ages since we have composed, and varied our musical combinations *ad infinitum*. It should be considered too, that the revival of the art took place in Italy, a country much more extensive than Attica, and that, soon after, it spread throughout Europe. Whatever merit we may concede to the antients for their discovery of the first beauties of this kind, genius will always find wherewith to give to the different combinations of sound, an air of novelty, by the infinite resources of harmony. It is indeed a long time, since we have exhausted the subjects of melody :

melody : but if, in re-producing them, they are properly applied, well seconded, and neither hurt nor contradicted by the harmony, we are always struck and elevated by them. We must not, however, despair, that there exists some unknown regions (thus to express myself) in the musical world ; to discover them is an enterprise of the most daring genius, and of the finest organs. When we have well observed any object, we discover many new points in it : this spirit of examination has been carried into the immensity of the heavens, to the great benefit of astronomy and navigation.] Perhaps, one day or
other,

other, some machine may be invented to improve the sense of hearing, as means have been found to diminish deafness. In order to discover the reasons of the pleasure we receive from concords, and of the pain which discords give us, we make experiments of the quantity and proportion of vibrations on an extended string, and on its parts; and if it appear, that each sound contains in itself others, and excites them in sonorous bodies disposed to return them, it is probable, that an ear, whose membranes are endowed with an extraordinary elasticity, and placed in a good head, might, through these operations, make
essential

essential discoveries, and determine why a continuation or union of sounds is agreeable, or otherwise.

I ought to ask my reader's pardon, if my thoughts upon this subject have appeared to him obscure: that may have happened without its being either his fault, or mine. Assuredly, to understand one another, we must agree in our definition of terms: and perhaps there is also a necessity of resemblance even in the configuration of our organs, and of an equality in the degrees of their fineness: otherwise, what one person affirms, seems generally unreasonable, or at least suits not the opinion of the other. The minutest

nuteft conferences in philosophy have feldom brought two wranglers to the fame way of thinking; how then can muficians, and people of fimple fenfations, agree? For my part, I generally hold my tongue, as foon as I hear an opinion different from my own; expecting to be recompensed for this constraint by converfing with thofe of my own way of thinking.

ON PRESENTIMENT.

EVERY man, before he undertakes any important affair, weighs, more or less, all the reasons which appear to support the different parts which he may choose. Whether the sum of these reasons determine him, or his inclination lead him, he never takes a resolution without making this examination before-hand. Inclination may arise from a number of reasons more interesting than just. It is passion, in this case, which determines him, more than judgment; and his choice, for
want

want of justness in the calculation, answers ill to the conjectures he had formed, and causes disorder and repentance. It is not to be doubted, that what is ordinarily called presentiment, is, in fact, the result of examination: although some have thought it a kind of instantaneous inspiration, free, absolute, and not the least dependent on reflection or judgment. It is my opinion, that there are some active minds, which, at the first indication of any proposition, draw their inductions with such a rapidity, that the understanding can hardly perceive the order of those perceptions, by which it has been conducted

ducted to its final determination. Now people of this character more easily deceive themselves, by mistaking for presentiment this rapid deduction of many ideas, which they do not give themselves time to observe separately. But if the soul works sometimes without the assistance of the exterior senses, as happens during sleep, why may it not as well imagine strange things while we are perfectly awake? It is in this state that, bringing to review the past, launching into futurity, and running through a number of probabilities, we throw ourselves into the void immensity of the possible: an idea then suddenly starting

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ing into the mind, which recalls us to the real state of things, we appear as if just awakened from a dream; the image which we find at that instant painted in our imagination, seems to announce to us something supernatural. We make no attempt to discover whether there were any connection between this image and our preceding ideas: those being quite forgotten, we recollect nothing of the dream, but the scene at the moment of waking. If the event justifies the uneasiness under which this moment leaves us, then we no longer doubt, but an interior voice had announced to us the event itself. Our vanity too is flattered,

flattered, in imagining that some Intelligence or Genius is interested in our fortune, so far as to assume a prophetic voice. Let the mother of the Gracchi dream, that she beholds the murder of her children; let the wife of Cæsar conceive violent apprehensions, in consequence of a dream the evening before the death of her husband; these accidents do not astonish me. These two ladies were not ignorant of the danger to which the heroes, so dear to them, were exposed, and their imaginations worked in consequence of it. But let one of the fathers of the college of —, being under an obligation of accompanying to the

chace a number of young people, his students, find himself, on the morning, fixed, in the most melancholy disposition, and endeavour to excuse himself from going : let him mention to several persons, that, if he could trust his own feelings, he would stay at home, finding in himself an extraordinary repugnance to be of the party : let people but laugh him out of his weakness, and the good father be accidentally killed in the chace by a gun-shot from the Chevalier E——, who, being very short-sighted, thought he had aimed at a hare ;—such an event is much more difficult to explain. It is, however, an event which

which really happened in our time; and I had it from the mouth of the Chevalier E—— himself, a man of the greatest veracity, and the least subject to be the dupe of superstition. What must then follow? That there are presentiments which arise in our minds from supernatural causes? This is an opinion I dare not advance, notwithstanding the great desire I have to adopt it. It has happened to me, several times in my life, to be determined by a sort of secret impulse, which I have felt rising in me, rather than by the result of arguments and reflections. I have sometimes seen, in the same persons, two sorts of

understanding, the most opposite to each other, making efforts to be reconciled; the one, characterized by pure simple and severe reasoning, admits nothing but what is proved; the other, tinctured by a taste for the marvellous, yields itself up to imagination and sensibility. Art and habit give the former; especially as soon as we become sensible of the facility of the acquisition, and of the ascendance it procures us over other men: and by it we often discover, in the imposing career of the professed reasoner, more vanity than sincerity. It is from nature we derive the latter; and, as she has always the *pas* of art,

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we can never succeed so far as to efface those primitive qualities with which she endues us. I will just exhibit these opposite kinds of understandings, at variance with each other.

I one day consulted the Abbé T——, professor of astronomy in the university of P——, upon my foible. This man, full of candour, freely confessed to me, that he respected the doctrine of presentiment, and did not refuse it all his credit. “Every point of futurity,” said he, “has a point in the past, which corresponds with it by an equal distance from the present. The death of my son may be as far distant from the

H 3 present

present moment, as the death of my father, which is past. The chain of events is pre-established: it is the faculty of memory which informs us of the past: why should there not exist another faculty capable of indicating to us the progression, or series of future events, the same as in geometry, where the first term of a progression determines any other term we wish to arrive at? or, indeed, why should there not exist another sort of faculty, which I will call the harmonic vibration of correspondence between events, by which an accident should make its proper impression upon us, and then, by a distant echo, announce to us
other

other accidents analogous in the future?"——I think this is pretty nearly what my good professor of astronomy observed to me; to which he added many other reflections of equal weight. Have I understood him rightly? I will not absolutely affirm it: others, perhaps, may not understand him at all. I was, however, charmed with his reasonings, (for it appeared to me that he pretended to reason); and, whatever might be the force of them, I cannot help setting great value upon the authority. I plunged at once, without fear or wit, into the system of presentiment; and I have

sometimes had reason to repent not listening to its voice ; for not to listen, is to risk not hearing it any more : whereas due attention to it is always rewarded by more frequent repetitions. I have, however, found means of awaking it, even after having shewn a contemptuous indocility, by reproaching myself with my neglect, as soon as I have been sensible of its punishment. It is notorious, that all your persons of presentiment modestly assure themselves, that it is their own fault if things do not succeed according to their wishes, since nothing, say they, could speak plainer, or more audibly, than

than a certain interior voice, which had suggested the conduct they ought to have taken.

If there were occasion to support the credit of the doctrine of presentiment by examples of great men of antiquity, I could produce abundance of them: but I shall prefer a modern instance. I have, methinks, not managed ill, in having already exhibited on my side an excellent astronomer, accustomed as well to the rigour of demonstration, as to the liberty of conjecture. A short time since, I was informed, upon indubitable authority, that one of the greatest kings of this age, a conqueror, legislator, philosopher,
and

and author, had the weakness to be alarmed whenever he was told, that the *femme blanche*, or white woman, had appeared in his palace. A vulgar tradition had invested this *femme blanche* with the right of predicting, by her apparition, the death of some one of the royal family. This great prince, celebrated by so many historians, and, without doubt, one of the most enlightened men of his time, could not conceal the panic he had conceived at the apparition of the *femme blanche*. —I have carefully preserved this anecdote, to revenge, or to console, human nature.

I know another great prince,
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distinguished for his vigorous attacks upon superstition, who yet is known to shudder at some of the tales of priestcraft. These contradictions in the human mind are probably necessary. The *femme blanche* may sometimes have stopt the impetuous fire of the victorious king; as the superstition of the other sovereign may have set some bounds to his enterprizes, who, whilst breaking down the shrines of false worship, might have carried his violence to the altars of the Divinity. There are several sorts of belief undoubtedly useful to human nature: every creed we admit on the behalf of virtue

is

is of this class. Marcus Aurelius would not be divorced from his wife, because he acknowledged that he owed his empire to her. This was belief in the virtue of gratitude. His reign was that of mildness and liberality. I myself believe in presentiments : but, as I hope I mistake not the integrity of my own heart, I do not think my presentiments will ever persuade me to a base or bad action : they are my *femme blanche*. Their influence will ever prevent my abandoning the sentiment of gratitude. Judge, then, if I do not owe a liberal share of it to the good professor

T—,

T——, my vanity being extremely well satisfied with the sanction he gave to one of my favorite opinions.

FAULTS SOMETIMES
ADVANTAGEOUS.

“**L**ET your cap be fet a little awry, madam : let it not look as if it had cost you too much pains at your toilet.”—I have all my life-time retained this lesson, which I learnt from one of my first maids : I discovered by it, that there are certain negligences which are not unfavorable ; and I have adopted her way of thinking, beyond the article of dress. Nothing is more ridiculous, than a stiff order in every thing. Sallies of the imagination

are common enough : those of character infallibly announce genius : they are rare. He who dares overleap at once several degrees in the scale of a number of conventional duties, which tyrannize over society, will be master of his condition.—A large company of us were walking: some clouds appeared to indicate an approaching storm : the beauty of the place had drawn us far from home, when some drops of rain began to fall, and we perceived too late, that it would soon be impossible for us to return without our carriages : no house appeared to give us protection : but by passing a little stream, which was before us,

us, we might have got under a shelter, at the distance of a few paces. The women began to despair: What! must we be wet up to the mid-leg? or stay till the arrival of help? The alternative was cruel. We sent away the lackeys, to fetch parapluyes, carriages, and people: the Count de — alone jumped into the middle of the stream, up to his knees in water, and by running got before the servants, and returned with the carriages. We remained fixed on the spot waiting for them, and were wet through, for not having dared to make a short cut across the stream, which, at all adventures, would really, of the
two,

two, have been the least inconvenience to us. Sometimes it is better not to deliberate: there is within us a kind of intelligence, which, in the twinkling of an eye, makes its deductions, without the long discussion of alternatives: the first advice which it offers us is generally the best to follow. I have always been pleased with the *genius* of Socrates: and let me acquaint my reader, that I have myself an excellent demon, which, in difficulties, points out to me the course I ought to take. I dare advance a step farther; for it never happened that I did a foolish thing, but I was plainly convinced that it was such, and

in the moment of committing it, I have always found myself occupied with the means of obviating its bad effects. But there are cases in which it seems almost cruel not to have been the dupe of one's own actions, and I have many times cursed that Intelligence, which has so obstinately enlightened me.—I have not then committed, you will say, so many follies as another :—quite the contrary : I have, perhaps, exceeded the share permitted to most people : but I owe my safety often to this prophetic caution, which, even in the most active moment of my folly, possesses me with its consequences. This fore-sight

light has, however, cost me very dear; for it has prevented my ever abandoning myself to a single sensation, and enveloping myself entirely in it.

From the following source, I believe, springs distraction of mind:—two principles acting in opposition at the same time upon the nerves, must destroy each other, confound the ideas that the mind sought to compare, and cause great mistakes in their perception. There are distractions into which we may fall for want of memory: this fault is the bad effect of a good cause; for, seeing a number of circumstances at once, we are less affected with

each of them: when one circumstance strikes our feelings, others may easily escape them. Duplicity of attention is difficult, painful, and could scarce serve any good purpose: duplicity of feeling is impossible. Hence it is that distraction may detect a character.—A man of great merit had just lost a place in the war department: it had given him considerable power, which he had exercised with all the impartiality of a good citizen: a cabal, however, had been powerful enough to remove him: he fell, notwithstanding his interest, and the esteem of the public. — The advancement of an officer had been warmly

ly recommended to a lady : in the evening she met the disgraced minister in a numerous circle. I do not know what strange disorder of ideas took place in her mind ; but she got up, and approaching him, said aloud, “ I have, Sir, a favor to solicit of you.” — “ You need only command me, Madam.” — “ I must request of you such a place for an officer : here is a memoir, which will explain the grounds of his pretensions. As I honor your character, I should not have undertaken this recommendation without being sure of my subject, and the claim he might

have to interest your protection."

—The respectable nobleman, whom her inadvertence had so cruelly wounded (and the more so, as the person who had filled his place was at his elbow), at first gave a different turn to the conversation; but soon recovering himself, he threw the lady into as great confusion, in her turn, on saying,—“ You cannot be ignorant, Madam, that I am no longer in a condition to shew the zeal with which I would have served you: I have lost my place; but I can bear the event spoken of without being overwhelmed.”—“ And you ought, Sir.—A thousand pardons. Without the sincerest per-

persuasion, that it was impossible to deprive you of your place but by the blackest injustice, it would have been equally impossible that I could have committed so great a blunder."——There are things to which a good heart can never consent, and this was one of them.—The worthy personage never altered his behaviour towards the lady; it continued, what it always had been, that of frankness, and of friendship: he could not even avoid giving her some credit for a distraction of mind, which from a good character conveyed a panegyric; whereas, from a bad one, it would have carried the bitterest insult.

I 4

I hate

I hate an affected distraction of mind; a *ton* that shews itself in none but persons of narrow minds, who have recourse to this little artifice to attract notice. When a person appears really to suffer from it, it ought not to be made matter of reproach; for in giving handle to laughter, we are probably more wanting in what we owe to ourselves than to others. In general, this sort of absence of mind is good for nothing, but to furnish matter to idle story-tellers.

For that kind of distraction, which arises from some defect in the organs, I know not what remedy to suggest. Any violent
effort

effort to give *ton* to the nerves, would perhaps only harden them, and render that character intolerant, which nature had only made feeble. Light, which contains in itself all the colours of the well-known scale, needs only to fall on certain surfaces, to produce all the differences of aspect which we admire in the decorations of our apartments. But these nice gradations are often confounded, and wound a delicate eye, when an ignorant artist, with too little address, attempts to dispose them artificially. We owe the beautiful green of the meadows, the splendid enamel of the flowers in our parterres, to simple nature.

Let

Let her but act freely, and she will always chuse the surfaces best adapted to reflect her colours in the most pure and interesting manner.

AN APOLOGUE.

ALTHOUGH the Encyclo-
 pedia must be considered as
 the most learned work of our age
 (nothing less than presenting at
 one view the sum of all human
 knowledge being the object of its
 compilers) it may nevertheless be
 allowed to our sex to consult it
 upon such articles as are within
 their reach.

I wanted one day to instruct
 myself upon that of apologues, a
 kind of light composition, which
 I am very fond of. I expected to
 draw

draw from hence abundance of agreeable erudition ; but I found the article to contain only a short etymology, some definitions common enough, and then a long passage of the late Mr. de la Barre, who has very judiciously advised all apologue-writers to make the lamb speak with timidity, and the lion with assurance. Not a word of Menenius Agrippa ; nothing of Nathan ; none of those agreeable anecdotes with which the histories of the ancient Orientals and Egyptians abounded, as I have been assured by persons who do not read the Encyclopedia.

I must then hazard my own reflections upon this subject, not
having

having been able to derive a single ray of light from this learned compilation.

It is highly to the credit of apologues, to have wrought two celebrated conversions ; no less difficult, than those of bringing back to reason a mutinous people, and exciting repentance in the soul of an amorous king, successful in his passion, and of great sensibility. It is by this indirect language, that truth surprizes and allures to conviction, in the same manner as the whole man is drawn aside by only seizing his arm. This method of presenting our ideas has another advantage, which I shall endeavour to explain by a comparison.

Those

Those who are fond of the rich and varied aspects of a large landscape, backed by mountains and crowned by a beautifully clouded sky, but at the same time too extensive, and too much enlightened to be taken in at one glance of the eye, may collect all this immense whole within the small surface of a plano-convex mirror. By this method they form a landscape perfectly resembling nature, which they enjoy without the trouble of running incessantly, in the original, from one part to another.

Without farther parade I shall venture to pronounce, somewhat magisterially, my definition of an apologue. It is a moral truth
or

or history, conveyed by a comparison formed of images agreeably assorted. I shall do more; and, like a good grammarian, add an example to the definition; but perhaps without giving more satisfaction to my reader, than the Encyclopedia to those who expect to find in it what they must search for in vain.

THE PYE, AN APOLOGUE.

THE ship, named the Prince Kaunitz, returning from the East Indies, brought a considerable quantity of commercial articles and curious commodities. I vi-

sited her rich cargo, and I had a great desire of buying some curiosity. The captain suggested to me the purchase of a coffer of old Japan ware, as a piece of very pretty and rare furniture. "It belonged," said he, "to a stranger, who died on his return, and who had set the greatest value upon it: on his death-bed he had charged the captain to sell all the effects which he had on board, and to remit the money to his relations in Dorsetshire." The sum demanded for this article was reasonable enough; and I could not resist the great desire I had of possessing it, notwithstanding the effort it cost my œconomy. When
I re-

I returned home, I was very impatient to unpack my coffer, to see whether it had suffered by the voyage. Whilst examining it, I thought I perceived, by the thickness of the lower board, that there was a double bottom. It immediately attracted both my eyes and hands; and I found, between the two bottoms, a packet, folded with great care. It consisted of palm-leaves, artfully rolled up; which, being undone, presented to view a number of unknown characters, traced by the point of a style, and covered with the most brilliant colours. My impatient curiosity made me warmly feel the chagrin of being unable to

understand any thing of a monument, the beauty and form of which seemed to inspire veneration. I luckily recollected an English friend, who had made a long stay in Indostan: he understood these characters perfectly well, which were not those of the antient Bramins, but of another particular language, which he had learnt at Bombay. He had the politeness to translate this precious manuscript for me; and, as he dictated, I wrote his words down, in the best manner I was able. The work being finished, we read it, and were both of opinion, that it was a fable of Locman, or Pilpai, of the number of those which
were

were not yet known in Europe. I present it to my reader, with our conjectures, very happy, if my trouble is repaid by their satisfaction in the perusal of this ingenious piece of the most remote antiquity.

THE INDIAN PIECE *.

AT the time when the beasts lived together in society, occupying

* The merit of this little piece depends much on the time at which it was composed. It suffices to mention the journey of the present Pope *Pius VI.* into Germany, its motives, and its issue, to make the reader sensible how just and happy the idea is. It was a real impromptu of the

ing a vast forest at the foot of the great Skiraar, a Pye had chosen her dwelling upon an antique oak, where she had constructed her nest thick-set with thorns, and open only on one side, which she knew how to guard against the entrance of any of her neighbours*. The

Countess R——g, after having heard a great deal upon this event; almost the only conversation of its day in Italy.

Respect due to countries, and to certain personages mentioned, and to ideas differently received in different countries, gave rise to this allegory; of which the name of the pontiff suggested the leading idea.

* All this exordium alludes to the establishment of the popes in Rome, and the means by which they rendered it solid, and afterwards ostentatious.

length

length of her life, and the æconomical spirit of her household, which had induced her to amass from all quarters, and carefully to conceal her plunder, furnished also both time and methods of making an ample magazine. The silvered tail of the white peacock, the beautiful red feathers of the paroquet's wing, the precious plumage of the superb flamingo, the gilded down of the radiant colibri, all suited her purpose; all excited her avarice. She rarely shewed herself in public; but when she affected to take a walk in the forest, it was never without being decked out with the bril-

liant spoils of the simple inhabitants of the air.

The instinct of this animal is cunning. She soon perceived that her aspect, which was not very agreeable, the smallness of her stature, and the weakness of her limbs, did not inspire all the veneration she wished. She supplied these defects with great address, and established rights, which availed her no less than force, because she knew how to ground them upon opinion.

* On a day when all the animals

* The author meant, perhaps, the councils assembled at the command of the popes, and the bulls they issued to sovereigns and nations.

of

of the neighbouring states were met in general assembly, the Pye shewed herself in all her finery. Two tails of the white peacock gave a magnificent relief to her little figure; the richly-shaded plumage of the Chinese pheasant entirely concealed the gloomy colour of her own: she had applied round her neck, and her skinny legs, the spoils of which she had plundered the smaller birds, that flutter in the sun, and embellish its rays: her lofty head was crowned, many stories high, with the relics of the immortal phenix's aigrette. Followed by an immense number of her children (for, having lived a long

K 4

time,

time, the race of her descendants were very numerous) she entered the assembly with a crowded court.

The multitude of simple assistants were dazzled with this magnificent decoration: some others, more nearly concerned, perceived that this finery was borrowed, and were on the point of laughing at it: but the Pye, taking advantage of the first impressions that her imposing air had made upon the greatest number of them, prevented farther reflection by the following address:

“ Respectable inhabitants of
“ the air, you behold in me the
“ sovereign of the most antique
“ tree

“ tree of the forest. I come to
“ preside over your councils, and
“ to direct them by those superior
“ lights which my great expe-
“ rience has enabled me to ac-
“ quire, and the predilection of
“ heaven has vouchsafed to lavish
“ upon me. You are all, with-
“ out doubt, of noble extraction;
“ but I possess a mark of supe-
“ riority, which must not be dis-
“ puted by any other race: the
“ great Brama has endowed me
“ with the gift of speaking his
“ own language: beings only the
“ most highly favoured, and I
“ myself, enjoy the distinction of
“ pronouncing his praises in the
“ language of heaven. It is by
“ this

“ this sacred sanction, that the
“ supreme Governor of nature
“ has fixed upon me an indelible
“ sign of divinity*. Even the
“ eagle, one of our most power-
“ ful kings, has not so venerable
“ a title. Let him, however, be
“ nominally acknowledged our
“ chief: his strength, his gran-
“ deur, the glorious records of
“ his race, and the right of guard-
“ ing you from the insults of
“ beasts which inhabit the neigh-
“ bouring forests, are no mean
“ titles of pre-eminence.

“ To myself only belongs the

* The pope is called the vicar of God,
and has often been styled by catholic writ-
ters, God upon earth.

“ power

“ power of constantly regulating
“ the worship, which we all ren-
“ der to the author of our lives
“ and possessions. It shall be the
“ occupation of my innumerable
“ children * to instruct you in
“ the duties you owe him. I
“ will disperse them as my dele-
“ gates into every corner of the
“ forest: they will be humble and
“ modest, and contented with a
“ few trees, which you will wil-
“ lingly consign them for shelter,
“ whilst they will pray, day and
“ night, in their sacred language,
“ for the prosperity of your fa-
“ milies.”

* Regular establishment of the clergy.

This

This seducing discourse had its desired effect: the eagle, overcome by flattery, assented to these dispositions: the dazzling masquerade of the Pye's habiliments had struck the weaker sort; and the persuasive talk of those subjects she had adroitly placed about the more cunning, completed the submission of the whole forest. It was universally agreed, that an elevated rank, which did not appear to encroach on the rights of any one in particular, should be decreed to the Pye.

The animals made a point of shewing the greatest hospitality to her children. There was no corner of the forest so remote, not
even

even those inhabited by the melancholy owl and the hideous bat, where some family of the Pye was not established.

Since that time there have happened great changes in the forest, among its different inhabitants.

The Pyes * knew how to take advantage of all these revolutions, and have made them contribute to the augmentation of their own credit and possessions. At the beginning a few trees sufficed for their dwelling, and some ears of rice for their nourishment: but, by little and little, the various

* This is only a rapid glance over ecclesiastical history; not the survey of a Baronius, or a Tillemont.

troubles,

troubles, which arose in different parts of the forest, furnished them with favourable pretexts for encroaching upon the domains of other families.

“ This tree suits me,” said an insolent Pye : “ I have an incontestable right to it, derived from the Divinity itself. All your ancestors, in receiving me amongst them, have felt and respected it, and have moreover left me the choice of the most agreeable bushes and tender shrubs. Ask those of my children who are the most enlightened : they will recall to your mind, and prove all those traits of beneficence, and acts of submission,

“ mission, from which flow my
 “ rights.”

Hereupon the whole assembly of Pyes exclaimed at once, stunning the winged people with their pretensions; and at length obtained, by fair means, or by force, all they wanted.

“ Take care,” cried another Pye, some time after, a successor of the former chief, “ how you
 “ injure any of my sacred titles.
 “ You will yourselves suffer most
 “ by this sacrilege: but on me *
 “ it depends to draw down upon
 “ you the vengeance of heaven,

* The arms of the Vatican have made sometimes more rapid, and, at the same time, less expensive conquests, than the most powerful armies in the world.

“ in fire, or hail, or in what other
“ element I please.”

Notwithstanding this lofty style on some occasions, their general tone was mild: but not without a mixture of imposing haughtiness, and deceitful humility, in their behaviour. They began shortly to appropriate to their own use what did not belong to them; and, on the other hand, they would frequently arrogate to themselves the right of presenting, to some other race most devoted to them, some new-discovered corner in the wood*, lying

* This alludes to the bull (issued probably by Adrian VI.) granting to the king of Spain the right and property of America, then just discovered.

out of their reach, or not suiting their inclinations.

Some of the chief Pyes made it their business to instruct the little birds in new modes of singing.

“ Behold here a new hymn,
 “ which I order them to sing :
 “ their harmonious throats shall
 “ carry, to the height of the heavens, the praises of Brama, and
 “ of those Pyes, our predecessors,
 “ who have been the most signalized for propagating his
 “ worship, and our rights.”

“ Deny me not the portion of
 “ millet, that has always been
 “ granted me,” exclaimed another, to the timid and delicate canary-bird : “ your refusal will other-

“ wife draw down upon you the
 : “ wrath of the vultur, if I avert
 “ not, by my prayers, his famished
 “ flight : I see him ready to rush
 “ upon your nests, and to devour
 “ your children within them. My
 “ curse, pronounced upon you in
 “ the name of Brama, will be the
 “ commencement of your greatest
 “ misfortunes; and his decree will
 “ destine you to become the prey
 “ of the strongest.”

In process of time they went
 much farther : even the manners
 and dispositions, with which na-
 ture had inspired the sublime ea-
 gle, escaped not the meddling
 spirit of the grand Pye. She pre-
 tended, that it was her province

to judge of the merit of the eagle's children; when he would try their spirit, by fixing their eyes on the face of the sun *.

The great pretensions, and immense usurpations, which had long constrained the free exercise of rights belonging to the chiefs of each race, began to open their eyes. An old lion †, who held his

* In the age of this cruel ascendancy of the popes over the emperors and princes of Germany, the holy see pretended, that all elections of sovereigns, and sometimes even the succession, must be approved of and confirmed by the popes, to be legitimate.

† The Venetians were the first who quarrelled with the jurisdiction of the popes, and opposed the abuses of his spi-

his peaceable abode near a pool, at which the Pye came often to quench her thirst, being provoked by her eternal clack, gave her one day a blow with his paw, which wounded one of her wings: the

ritual authority. From the time of the crusades, these dexterous and clear-sighted republicans knew how to turn to advantage the ambition of the heads of the church, availing themselves of the papal succours destined for the conquest of the holy land. Without breaking totally with these ecclesiastical sovereigns, they have always rendered useless every attempt of the Roman policy against themselves: and, by means of certain regulations, very wisely imagined, they have never suffered their own clergy to assume that air of independence, which would have rendered them enterprising and indocile.

wound

wound being imperfectly healed, her wing has trained on the ground ever since, and has often furnished matter of ridicule.

The vigilant cock * cautioned her long since to confine her talent of intriguing within bounds, and to leave to himself the conduct of his own progeny.

The unicorn †, and some other animals, not given to disputing, took the resolution of breaking

* The liberty and privileges of the Gallican church; over which the see of Rome has never been able entirely to establish her primacy and infallibility.

† Schism of England, and some states in Germany, and in the North, in the sixteenth century.

off all sort of communication with her, and of never exposing themselves any more to the oppression and insults of the little animal : for, by the fascination of her sacred language, she still held, in blind dependence, a great number of the creatures of the forest.

The very ass himself, to whom the Pye had advised a more methodical way of braying (for she meddled with every thing) was on the point of breaking with her : but he, being a beast of habit, was easily brought back again, and brayed as the Pye ordered him, flattering himself he should the more successfully charm the divine ears of the great Brama.

The

The Pye had just been guilty of an irreparable imprudence. Proud of her privileges, which she thought firmly established, she believed that she could dispense with the song of the nightingale *, which she had hitherto made use of as an accompaniment, when she recited her canticles composed in the sacred language, on which depend-

* The history of the foundation of the Jesuits; their devotion, by the rules of their order, to the service of the holy see; their merits towards it; the persecutions which they underwent, and the abolition of their society, by a bull of one of these very Popes, whom they had continued to serve so well for more than two centuries, form the argument of this episode.

ed the veneration that was paid to her empire.

The nightingale was perfectly devoted to her service : he employed his graceful turns, his insinuating tone of voice, his innocent air, the fineness of his eyes, his access to all the most powerful animals, as well as his popularity among the sparrows, to support the interests of the Pye. His sweet warbling, especially, had done wonders : it was by this happy talent he gave value to all the others he possessed, and insured success to all his proceedings. Even the eagle listened to him with pleasure ; and the chiefs of other races delighted in his society

ciety and his song, notwithstanding the envy of many other birds, who sought to hurt the nightingale, by calumniating him with the great. The Pye firmly supported him for some time, finding him of singular service: she was never seen unaccompanied by her seducing minister: he declaimed, he persuaded, and charmed, and the laws of the Pye were cheerfully obeyed.

But the enemies of the nightingale succeeded, at last, to possess many of the most considerable animals against him: they made some of them believe, that he had been guilty of many horrible

rible attempts against them ; they persuaded others, that he was only an instrument devoted to the ambition of the Pye. The Pye knew not how to extricate herself out of this affair without assistance, and at last sacrificed the nightingale to the hatred of his rivals. She deprived herself of his ministry, and consented to the banishment of his whole race to the very outskirts of the forest. This proved a bad measure : her hoarse voice, unaccompanied, no longer gained any hearts ; all its seduction was lost. The Pye was now become an insipid boaster ; and, from that moment, had condemn-
ed

ed herself to share the fate of her agreeable interpreter*.

The eagle, occupied † by the noblest objects, was not willing to ennuy himself with the details of this affair. He wished to know the real state of his vast domains, and undertook a progress through them. He was astonished at the disorder which he found in all parts: the most eligible trees, whether to the sight, or to the

* It is certain, that the abolition of the Jesuits did not a little contribute to weaken the power of the Romish church.

† The first journies of the emperor, and his first operations to mark the due boundaries betwixt the spiritual and temporal power in his dominions.

taste,

taste, belonged to the Pyes: an infinite number of birds wanted the grains necessary for their subsistence; whilst at the foot of almost every tree, engrossed by the Pyes, there were cavities dug, where they preserved an immense quantity of provision. The flight of weaker birds, frightened by the sacred language, which our sisterhood affected exclusively to speak, submitted to the imposition of the heaviest yoke. The Pyes meddled in all sorts of affairs, from the most important state concerns, down to the little intrigues of such families as reposed confidence in them.

The enraged eagle informed the

Pye

Pye of the antique oak, that he was resolved to correct these abuses.

“ Honour,” said he, “ the great
 “ Brama in your sacred language,
 “ you and your children, with
 “ every expression of your zeal:
 “ I know this worship is accept-
 “ able to the Divinity, as it ma-
 “ nifests the gratitude of his crea-
 “ tures. But recall* to yourself,
 “ I beseech you, part of those in-
 “ discreet Pyes, who come and
 “ devour the precious nourish-
 “ ment of my subjects, and trou-

* The suppression of a number of religious houses in the hereditary states of the emperor.

“ ble

“ ble them in their dwelling-
“ places.

“ I reclaim all those trees,
“ which, authorized by yourself,
“ they have so cunningly usurp-
“ ed.

“ Let but a small number of
“ your Pyes remain with me, to
“ practise, among my subjects,
“ this worship, which I respect
“ above all others ; but cease to
“ importune them by your super-
“ fluous chattering. I choose they
“ should dedicate some portion
“ of that time they now spend in
“ attending to your ceremonies
“ and discourses, to the care of
“ their nests, and to the educa-
“ tion of their kind, each ac-

“ cording to the instinct of his
“ race.”

The Pye immediately felt the terrible blow, which the eagle's speech levelled at her interests. The alarm was extreme: she sent repeated messages * to the eagle; but finding that he scarcely deigned to return an answer, even of refusal, she took the resolution of visiting him in his own domains. She hoped to win him over by her flatteries, or, at least, to cajole those animals about him, which had been accustomed, from time immemorial, to shew her an un-

* The first briefs of the pope to the emperor, very differently turned, and received, from those of his predecessors.

feigned

feigned respect. In short, she departed from the hollow of her antique oak, and affected, on her march, an air of the greatest modesty, and even of affliction.

The grand eagle, being informed of her intention, had taken his measures accordingly; so that the appearance of the Pye by no means made the sort of impression which she expected.

Curiosity, rather than respect, had drawn upon her the eyes of all the animals as she passed *.

The eagle inhabited an im-

* All the details of the pope's late journey to Vienna, the result of his conversation with his imperial majesty, and his return to Italy.

menſe laurel; where he invited the Pye, at her arrival, to make her abode. She was dazzled with this reception, ſo much the more, as thinking to find a proud rival, who would have deſpiſed her; whereas, on the contrary, ſhe received every external mark of attention and regard. She was placed upon the fineſt branch of the laurel: the moſt delicate portion of millet and rice was preſented to her: the eagle even walked out with her, and liſtened very attentively to all the diſcourſes which ſhe pronounced in the ſacred language. The Pye, encouraged by this complaiſance, at length attempted, in a ſecret

conference, to speak upon the object of her journey ; but the eagle stopped her harangue by these words :

“ Pye, return to thine own
“ hollow tree, and meddle not
“ with affairs which concern my-
“ self. It does not become thee
“ to seek to deceive me : it will
“ be useless, and even dange-
“ rous, to attempt it. My beak
“ wants not power to extirpate
“ the deepest roots, which sup-
“ port thy tree on the earth.
“ Preserve thy own asylum, and
“ rest contented. The great Bra-
“ ma, who has given me this vast
“ portion of the forest, will make
“ it prosper by my means ; give
“ thyself,

“ thyself, therefore, no uneasiness
 “ about it. All my innumerable
 “ subjects honour him, every one
 “ in his own way, in songs, cries,
 “ and every other form of ex-
 “ pression ; and all, I believe,
 “ according to the intention of
 “ the Supreme Being *. Though
 “ I cannot consent to thy wishes,
 “ I offer thee my friendship : thou
 “ canst not do better than to ac-
 “ cept it. The weak do wisely
 “ to ally themselves to the pow-
 “ erful.”

Having finished speaking, he
 dismissed his frightened guest,
 with every token of a pompous
 veneration.

* System of toleration.

The Pye knew not how to dissemble the impression of her defeat, and shewed it in a manner not at all advantageous to her interests. She ought to have abated somewhat of her surliness and pretensions, and to have been contented with supporting her ancient charge, of the first interpreter to the Brama.

On her journey home, the animals trooped about her, as prompted by curiosity, or friendship; much divided in their opinions of her expedition, but without any disposition to tumult or disorder.

The eagle, on his part, wisely endeavoured to settle the interests
of

of society, by keeping them as independent, as was found practicable, of the influence of opinion.

On regaining her fine nest in the antique oak, and perching upon its highest sprig, the Pycroaked six times to the right, and as many to the left, and saw, notwithstanding the part she had taken, that every thing returned quietly to order.

FOR MY NIECE.

“**I** Declare, I am ennuied to death,” said my niece, throwing down her cloak, gloves, and fan; for the little girl has her vivacities.—“ My dear aunt, dispense, I beseech you, with my ever repeating the visit from which we are just returned. What a *ton*! what conversation! what dresses!”—“ What? you must always be amused, my dear? Will you never learn the art of ennuing yourself with patience? How do you know but that the company,

2

whom

whom we have just left, are as much tired of us, as we are of them? Were they remiss in any civilities to us?"—"No; but it is impossible to hold a reasonable conversation with them."—"Well, then, talk nonsense, if there be occasion for it. Do you know in what I make to consist one of the great differences between a man of wit and a fool? It is, that the fool cannot converse with the man of wit, whilst the man of wit can converse admirably with the fool. Besides, who has constituted you a judge of the reason of mankind? These people, whom you have just discovered to be so ignorant and ridiculous, have, perhaps,

M 4 formed

formed the same judgment of us. Were they in the wrong? Supposing they were, dare you affirm it?"—

“ They talked of goblins, spirits, and the miracles of a hundred saints: teach me how to conduct myself in such a case, my dear aunt ! ” —

“ Leave these ideas to those who fear the phantoms of their own superstition, and know not how to form a proper idea of God. You have sometimes seen, in the corn-fields, rags tied to a staff, to frighten the birds from eating the crop : the farmer has made use of this stratagem, to intimidate the cowardly inhabitants of the air. They misconceive the power of man : it is beyond the reach of
their

their combinations. But these rags are found to affect their senses, as they present strange forms and colours to their sight. The horns, claws, and tail, which the vulgar have given to the devil, have greater effect upon persons of narrow minds, struck only with sensible objects, than the metaphysical representation of him as a powerful principle of evil in the creation. However, if such ideas prevent evil in society, the legislator ought not to discourage them. Leave to credulous people the influence of spirits, and the facility of modern miracles. Nature often works prodigies, at least what appear such to us, because

cause we are ignorant of the causes of the greater part of her most simple operations. Art, too, is avowedly a worker of wonders : I have seen you sometimes admire those proud *jet d'eaux*, which throw up water in our gardens, where this element is forced to act against its natural bent, or (to use an expression in ridicule of this taste) to spit in Nature's face. The hydraulic machinery is, however, very simple. The accidental combination of second causes, in all that passes before our eyes, is an object of surprize to our ignorance. Nature, however, can never contradict herself, but at the interposition of her supreme Ruler.

Ruler. A miracle is an event which appears to violate the laws of nature; a case that can only happen to effect some singular and important purpose in the inscrutable dispensations of Providence. But why should we destroy, among the vulgar, the faith even of modern miracles? Why deprive a sick person, who is thought incurable, of the hope of a remedy from the assistance of his tutelary saint? Why should he not indulge the holy distraction of invocations and prayers? The fervor and exaltation of faith may occasion a crisis, the cause of which being unknown to us, the event may appear miraculous.—

Learn,

Learn, my dear niece, that we must tolerate defects of judgment, as well as those of person. Pray, how long is it since people have taken it into their heads to exclude from society a hump-backed, a lame, or a one-eyed man, because it is their misfortune not to be made so well as others? I pity the deformed, but am far from abhorring them: I abhor nothing but vice; but with regard to opinions, my dear girl, believe me, there are few which may not claim our indulgence. You have yet all the freshness and irritability of your primitive sensations: the use of the world has not yet taught you to take the social mask,

so.

so necessary in all stations of life. But apprehend me rightly: I am not insinuating the necessity of dissimulation. If we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, we have no reason for disguise. All I mean by the social mask, is that indulgence in our manner of thinking, which throws so much amenity in our conversation and deportment. Distrust your own vanity, in order to arrive the more surely at this happy point. No man is so perfect as not sometimes to stand in need of his neighbour's indulgence; and you will judge candidly, if, when you find yourself ennuied in company, you suspect that others may feel
the

the same effect from yourself.—

‘That man is unsupportable,’ said a friend of mine, speaking of a certain disputer: ‘one cannot reason with him: all his ideas are in contradiction to those of other people.’—‘May it not be, that you are equally unsupportable to that man?’ answered I. ‘He does not understand you: is that his fault?’—Being obliged, from my earliest youth, to bend under the yoke of contradiction, I learnt betimes to curb my own will: I have done more; I have acquired a sort of impassibility under most events; a temper which has rendered me either stupid, or courageous. It is of little consequence

to

to which of these two qualities I owe the preference. I am now neither astonished, nor frightened, at any thing. I flatter myself, that truth is always in my heart : there I pay it the purest worship ; although it may appear sometimes veiled upon my lips, in cases where its nakedness might shock, or disgust.

Jupiter appearing, in all the majesty of his divinity, caused the death of the weak and curious Semele, who had beseeched him to visit her as a god : and Bacchus, of whom she miscarried at the moment of the fatal apparition, is the father of all vices. So
much

much does it deserve our attention, that divine truth, when we know not how to support its eclat, may produce more evil than good."

ON LAUGHING.

“**N**ONE but fools laugh so much at their ease, Mademoiselle,” said a very grave lady to her daughter: “you have always a laugh on your face. At sixteen it is undoubtedly allowable to smile; but loud bursts of laughter are indecent: they indicate a vacancy of mind. Frequent laughing has other inconveniences to women: it dilates the features, furrows the forehead and cheeks; it tarnishes the enamel of the teeth, by exposing

them too often to the air, and even causes little wrinkles on the lips, which spoil the freshness of a pretty mouth."——The young lady immediately composed her countenance with all the primness imaginable; and, from that time, contracted as foolish an air, as that which her mother had endeavoured to proscribe. The regularity of her features had occasion for this little convulsion to lend them expression. It was natural gaiety in her: her eyes were animated by it; her vivacity manifested itself in these lively fits, by the rapidity of her glances: but had her vivacity even indicated some degree of foolishness, I should
ever

ever have preferred this fault, which might have been easily corrected, to the stiff air of a statue, which this young person had fixed on her countenance by the deportment her mother enjoined her. This lesson displeased me. An affected smile is odious : it shews the littleness of the mind, and the imposture of education, in a point of view the most exceptionable, that of dissimulation. There is an affecting smile of sentiment and civility ; and, except that of love, it is perhaps the only one which is interesting : it is that which we owe to one another in conversation, as a testimony of approbation. But this smile may

be dispensed with under uneasiness, or chagrin of mind, as such a delicate attention, in such circumstances, looks precise and unnatural: it differs only from dissimulation, inasmuch as it appears to arise from an idea of duty. It is best, that young people should laugh freely. The impression of those ideas, which are first engraven on young minds, will influence their characters ever afterwards. The man, whose mind shall have received early impressions of gaiety, may experience many contradictions in the events of life, without being so soured as to hate his fellow-creatures. Perhaps sensibility is most happily
grafted

grafted on this gaiety of mind, which the shocks of disappointment easily bend into compassion and an interest for others: for which reason I dare conclude, that a gay man will not be more inclined to do hurt, than a man of naturally tender feelings and sensibility; if, indeed, the two characters ought ever to be supposed long separate. A young man, on the contrary, who never laughs, nor gives into the noisy hilarity of those of his own age, who ponders his first ideas, and always cloaths them with serious reflections, offers no good presage of his future character. Not being moved by those frivolities which

interest his companions, he will become contemptuous. From the contempt of men, he will easily pass to that of their most respectable conventions. Hardness, and even ferocity of character, will insensibly establish themselves, and lead to those acts of atrociousness, which sever the bonds of society, and excite its consternation. Those young people, on the other hand, who are continually smiling, are also to be suspected: assure yourself, there is in their hearts a fund of dissimulation. It is true, that curiosity, one of the characteristics of innocence, seeks rather the ridiculous, than the serious side of objects. A child laughs at what
he

he is ignorant of; but he, who is always smiling, half guesses the meaning of what he hears, and seeks, by a dissembled complacence, to gain your credit for understanding the whole.

I have laughed a good deal in my youth : my behaviour carried in it the frankness of confidence, and I have had no reason to repent it.—Since I have laughed but rarely, the delicious faculty of beholding objects on the best side seems to be almost worn out ; but I have not lost that of sometimes discovering their ridiculous side. All moral objects are susceptible of ridiculous representations, like those heads which the

Germans and Hollanders are fond of painting, or one sometimes meets with in the cell of a lazy Chartreux, which present, on one side, the image of a grave philosopher, and on the other, the phiz of a monkey.

The smile of diffimulation makes no part of my own character: I give my opinion openly upon all matters, which I think I understand; and, when I do not understand them, I either have courage enough to ask an explanation, or I hold my tongue, if my curiosity is not moved.—As to the social smile of approbation, I have no objection to indulging it. I love my fellow-creatures, especially

ally my own sex; and I enjoy a very sensible pleasure, when I can, either by my voice or gesture, set off to advantage some trait of their understandings, or sentiments. The gesture which accompanies a smile, is very efficacious to that purpose: it gives encouragement, and is adopted with success. That smile of approbation, which the stolen glance of a timid woman meets with on the imposing countenance of a person she respects, raises her infinitely in her own eyes, and fosters that self-esteem, which, I believe, is necessary to render ourselves estimable to others.

Affert the rights of your season
of

of life : laugh with all your hearts, charming and ingenuous girls ! The time for smiling comes but too soon : do not therefore anticipate it. You can rarely smile yet without blushing ; the attempt is accompanied with a mixed and uneasy sensation. The time will soon arrive, in which you must learn the due management of this charm : a composed and serene smile must often hide an agitated mind. This second age once past, and the romance of the passions at an end, you will no longer exercise the empire of the graces : your features will have already lost that delicate elasticity, which put them in motion with so

much softness. The chissel of time will have fixed on your front those furrows, so often traced by the passions: it will leave those wrinkles that cannot be effaced. What effect shall we then produce by an aukward smile, which only announces ridiculous pretensions? An air of reflection and goodness is all that will then be left us. This is the ordinary progress of those revolutions which take place on the face of a woman.

OCCULT QUALITY.

“**H**E was in the right, but he did not persuade me.”—

How often has it happened to me to think thus, although I dared not to own it? Syllogism is, perhaps, to reasoning, what measure is to music: it marks the intervals which separate our ideas in their progression, and by its calculated steps shews truth to the understanding. I have a delicate ear: and when the measure is broken in music, it causes in me a disagreeable sensation. Might it

it not be somewhat analogous to say, that a slight intellectual shock advertises me immediately of that secret disorder, which, whilst it passes in conversation, carries the air of reason, but arrives not at conviction? Without having learnt the thorny rules of logic, without knowing the ingenious ramifications of the tree of Porphyry, will any body persuade me to believe a falsity? My judgment, as it were, instantly shrivels up, and seems to prove the existence of that sensation, which I compare to another, caused by any sudden fright or disgust, and which is commonly termed *peau de poule*. Whence comes this energetic and
obscure

obscure indication, which cautions me to be upon my guard, without informing me how I ought to defend myself against the seduction of words? I am sensible, that my antagonist is not invulnerable, without knowing I ought to aim at his heel. I confess my indolence seldom holds out against a flux of words, and I had often rather seem to approve than dispute.—But let me not wander from my subject. May one not be convinced, or, to speak more strictly, obliged to submit, without being persuaded? Reasoning possesses the right of conviction: but, to accomplish this end, must not the sentiment of persuasion accompany

it?

it? This sort of sentiment is very metaphysical; but it really has a place in our understandings, although it differs very much from what is generally understood by the word Sentiment. It is said, that in Greece there were, at the time of the Academicians and Peripatetics, certain sophists, who amused themselves with supporting singular theses, and leaving their adversaries unable to answer them; and thus obliged to submit before they were persuaded. I often find myself in the same predicament as these half-vanquished disputers. These sophists could never bring over to their party the sentiment, of which I am speaking:

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ing: it resisted all the tricks of their logic, though ignorant of, and unable to defeat them. I have not done yet: I should now define the nature, and examine the properties, of this sentiment, the existence of which, I insist, is a metaphysical discovery. But I mean to regulate myself by the example of the most respectable antiquity, which some of our first modern philosophers have also followed, and to call this sentiment *an occult quality*. On supposition that truth be the pole, towards which the human understanding, amidst all its restless motions, is continually attracted, it is some consolation to me, that the properties

erties of the magnet are not better understood, than those of my new faculty of feeling the truth across all the obstacles which false reasoning can throw in its way.

A MELANCHOLY FIT OF MORALITY.

JOB, and the Abbé de Rancé, had but too much reason for giving way each to that fit of continual melancholy which decided his fate. The misfortunes which they experienced, probably caused a change in their sensations, ideas, and whole interior manner of being, which must have rendered them constantly unhappy. The former passed the remainder of his life in doleful lamentations, which we have still remaining: the latter employed himself in inventing
and

and practising a mode of life the most absurdly austere and melancholy. Without those accidents, which rendered them such objects of pity, perhaps Job would have left us poetry as gay as the Canticles ; and the gloomy reformer of *La Trappe*, had he been more happy in himself, would perhaps have added refinements to the sweets of society.

A mind extremely sensible, is always exposed to the attacks of melancholy ; but, happily, through this very sensibility, ever elastic and re-acting, it obeys new impressions and changes. But it is proper to remark, that when some very agreeable event enlivens us,

it never happens, I believe, to any body to reflect, and to exclaim, "All evil is at an end with me; I shall, all the rest of my life, be happy and contented!" Whereas, in a moment of misfortune, when we feel ourselves overwhelmed with grief, we almost always indulge the melancholy idea, of never being able to console ourselves for the evils into which we are plunged. This has happened sometimes to myself, though but rarely. I have had my share of these melancholy fits; from which, however, I have recovered, agreeably to the laws of nature. But I love, now and then, to bring to my recollection that condition,
with

with those gloomy, wild, and disordered ideas, mingled with that tone of assurance, so characteristic of despair, which it naturally inspires.—Here I present my readers with some fragments of letters, written in moments of this nature. The reader will not forget to remark, that there are (if I may so express myself) many transient truths, which will only hold for the moment.

——“ I am pursuing you ; I
 “ need your assistance, my dear
 “ friend : I implore you to en-
 “ vellop me in the idea of your-
 “ self, and your all-powerful phi-
 O 3 “ losophy.

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“ losophy. Save me, save me
“ from death, from coffins, from
“ funerals, and all that train of
“ gloomy and affecting objects,
“ from which I am in vain en-
“ deavouring to escape. Grace,
“ beauty, and amiableness itself,
“ are fallen—Madam M—— is
“ no more.—The blast of eternity
“ has blown upon her: this flower
“ of youth, rooted up from its
“ place, will mark out no more,
“ on the earth, the center of
“ comfort, and of pleasure.—
“ Scarcely had we known her
“ sick. I learnt her danger yef-
“ terday, at the very first moment
“ it was visible.—I flew to her—
“ my

“ my friendship for her absent hus-
 “ band, who adored her, rendered
 “ her more precious to me.—Good
 “ God ! what an object of desola-
 “ tion presented itself to my sight !
 “ —A fatal deposit of the humours
 “ in her head had already corrupt-
 “ ed the springs of life : her senses
 “ no longer exercised their proper
 “ functions. — A total lethargy
 “ had preceded her dissolution,
 “ and I only beheld the frightful
 “ spectacle of an object rejected
 “ from the class of sensible be-
 “ ings.—The force of the most
 “ violent medicines proved use-
 “ less.—For thirty hours she sus-
 “ tained the inward shock of an

“ invifible combat—and, but a
“ few moments fince, was ren-
“ dered up that precious fpirit,
“ which had animated one of the
“ moft agreeable works of nature.
“ —I left her houfe in defolation
“ and horror.—I have taken re-
“ fuge in my own apartment;—
“ but the pale torches, which fur-
“ rounded her death-bed, are ever
“ before my eyes.—I fee nothing
“ but tombs and fpectres around
“ me;—I hear nothing but fune-
“ ral lamentations:—it is impof-
“ fible for me to tafte repofe.—
“ Oh Death! what is then thy
“ empire?—In what manner wilt
“ thou exercife it over myfelf?—
“ Art

“ Art thou not the passage to an-
“ other existence ? and will this
“ new life be as unhappy, and ob-
“ noxious to sufferings, as that
“ which you force us to abandon ?
“ Will my destruction contribute
“ to the production, or to the
“ progression, of other individu-
“ als ?—Mechanism, so admirably
“ constructed, so compound, sinks
“ to dissolution !—Nature regrets
“ not her own work : she regards
“ it not as trouble lost, or a vain
“ exertion of her energies.—And
“ what is the destination of that
“ principle which keeps it in mo-
“ tion ?—shall it be preserved in
“ another state ?—is it indestruc-
“ tible

“ tible by nature?—Without re-
 “ miniscence, can this principle,
 “ elsewhere employed, constitute
 “ my personal identity?—Here I
 “ am lost—I see nothing around
 “ me but vacancy and obscurity.
 “ —Oh, B——! let us support
 “ the weight of our existence to
 “ its last period, without curiosity,
 “ without research. As the re-
 “ membrance of the past may be
 “ refused us, why should we dis-
 “ quiet ourselves with uneasy
 “ thoughts about the future?—
 “ Come, oh Death! when thou
 “ wilt—I defy thee to abase me:
 “ thou wilt only remove me from
 “ a life of ennuy and sufferings,
 “ of combats and defeats!”

——“ I

—“ I am just returned from
“ this house of mourning, where
“ I have been making a second
“ visit, through a duty of con-
“ vention towards the old and in-
“ firm mother-in-law of my de-
“ ceased friend. — What odious
“ and base scenes does this world
“ present! — I saw the crowd of
“ relations, pretended friends, and
“ adorers, of the beautiful de-
“ funct. — Indignation seized, and
“ almost suffocated me, at the
“ sight of cold indifference put-
“ ting on the mask of firmness,
“ and claiming admiration. — I
“ saw old age, hardened and
“ cruel, contemplating, with an
2 “ eye

“ eye of satisfaction, the unjust
 “ ravages of Death, and enjoying
 “ his preference of a young and
 “ interesting victim.—I saw En-
 “ vy, alarmed at a few feeble en-
 “ comiums on the deceased, drag-
 “ ging from the bottom of the
 “ tomb the sacred manes, to de-
 “ vote them to the Furies.—Of
 “ what iniquity and cruelty is not
 “ man capable!—I, who know
 “ and feel myself so enraged at
 “ these monsters, is it possible that
 “ I can resemble them?—I trem-
 “ ble to examine myself.—I can
 “ hardly help exclaiming, at this
 “ weak moment, in the despe-
 “ rate spirit of the necessarian
 philo-

“ philosophy—Perhaps it is but
“ too true, that passion and op-
“ portunity create virtue and vice
“ — that all is necessity ;— and
“ happy are they, whom circum-
“ stances compel to be good !”

I will not undertake to justify all the extravagances of an imagination heated by striking objects, nor the violent effusions of a heart wounded by grief. I meant only, in the foregoing extract, to give an example of that language, which the soul in affliction suggests. When she is, on the other hand, transported with joy and delight, she breathes
nothing

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nothing but expressions of hope,
a sweet testimony of inward sere-
nity, a satisfaction in every thing
that exists, and the most confident
presages of a happy futurity.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

